

IT TAKES ALL KINDS

there's a flyer on the bulletin board
from a magazine that promises to publish
the first twenty-five poems it receives.

it's about time somebody rewarded
punctuality in the arts.

THE ANGELS OF RETRIBUTION ALWAYS RING AS MANY TIMES AS IT TAKES

haven't the jehovah's witnesses caught on
that the only souls they're going to find home
at ten in the morning
in this age of the working wife

are agnostic professors with afternoon-evening-schedules
desperately sleeping off the night before?

or is that the point of it?

THEY KEEP TELLING ME THAT FREUD IS OBSOLETE

i think most people skip through the early chapters
of literary biographies -- who cares what brand of pabulum
the kid was allergic to
when you can just as easily be reading about his mistresses
(to whom he may also have been allergic).

but i find i linger over
the first fifty pages and four years:

the scandalous great-grandfather,
the abrupt change of cities, the forceps,
the circumcision, the plain but bosomy mother,
the idealistic but defeated father,
the nanny who loved music,
the uncle who loved the nanny,
the early years of suffering, joy, suffering,
joy, suffering, joy, suffering ...

about the time the genius goes to school,
i skip ahead to senile dementia.